29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

and the remainder, fleeing to the ridge, drew back before another volley. Three times we drove them back and forth in this way before the survivors broke through our lines, leaving eight of their number dead or dying on the hunting-field.

My Ross rifle failed me twice during this action. Once I had trouble in closing the breech, and once the firing-pin struck so lightly that the cartridge failed to explode. In both cases the cause was probably the same, a little sand that had blown into the leather holster when crossing the storm-swept plain. I had carefully cleaned the weapon before using it, but evidently a few particles of sand still remained in the bolt. It was this same defect in the Ross rifle that created so much bitterness in the early months of the great European war, and finally led to the re-arming of the Canadian troops with the British Lee-Enfield.

My companions, elated by the success of their hunt, feasted and idled for two days. The reasons they offered were excellent; drizzling rain made travelling unpleasant, the meat we had accumulated was more than we could carry, and the green hides needed to be scraped and dried. But the principal reason remained subconscious. For a few hours, or for two or three days, they could display phenomenal energy—even the children were inured to sleepless hunting trips of thirty-six hours' duration; but they could not plod along, day after day and week after week, at an even